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# THE CROSS-TIME CAPER- EXCALIBUR

INTRODUCING...

## CRUSADER X!



A STAN LEE PRESENTATION, STARRING EXCALIBUR

I LOVE LONDON IN THE MORNING.

WHEN THIS GREATEST CITY IN THE  
WORLD IS STILL MORE ASLEEP THAN  
AWAKE, AND I CAN FOOL MYSELF  
INTO THINKING I HAVE ITS  
MAJESTY ALL TO MYSELF.

TO MY EYES, THERE'S  
NOTHING IN THE NEW  
WORLD-- AND PRECIOUS  
LITTLE OF THE OLD--  
TO MATCH IT.

GIVES ME A THRILL TO KNOW  
THAT FATE'S SINGLED ME OUT  
TO BE ITS PROTECTOR.

THE EMPIRE'S  
FOREMOST  
SUPER HERO.

AL MILGROM, INKER.  
BRAD VANDER, COLORIST  
TOM ORZECZOWSKI, LETTERER  
TERRY KAVANAGH, EDITOR  
TOM DEFALCO  
LORD OF ALL HE SURVEYS  
CHRIS CLAREMONT & ALAN DAVIS  
CREATORS OF EXCALIBUR

# CRUSADER X

CREATED BY CHRIS CLAREMONT, WRITER, & CHRIS WOZNIAK, PENCILER

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THE IRONY, OF COURSE, BEING THAT MANY OF THESE SELF-SAME PEOPLE WHO CHEER MY EXPLOITS AS CHAMPION OF THE REALM...

...WOULDN'T BE SEEN DEAD WITH ME IN MY "CIVILIAN IDENTITY."

EVEN THOUGH I'M HEIR TO ONE OF THE PROUDEST, MOST HONORED NAMES IN ENGLAND.

OR MORE LIKELY-- BECAUSE OF IT.

I DO A FAST OVERFLIGHT OF A PAIR OF OUT- LYNING BOROUGH-- STOP ONE SMASH- AND- GRAB, HELP THE FIRE BRIGADE WITH A RESCUE--

-- BEFORE TURNING WESTWARD LID THE THAMES.

LONDON MAY NOT BE THE PORT IT ONCE WAS...

...BUT THAT GRAND, ANCIENT RIVER STILL DEFINES...

EH?!

WHAT'S THAT...

... NOISE ?!

MILITARY HELICOPTERS--

--TRANSPORTS AND GUNSHIPS!

STRAIGHT LINE FLIGHT, FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE PAST THE BRITISH MUSEUM TO THEIR TOUCHDOWN IN EUSTON SQUARE.

TROOPERS HIT THE GROUND AS THOUGH GOING INTO A HOT COMBAT L.Z., LOADED FOR BEAR AND LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

I RECOGNIZED THEIR SHOULDER FLASHES-- WHO, THE WEIRD HAPPENINGS ORGANIZATION.

A SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS UNIT, DRAWING PERSONNEL FROM ALL THE SERVICES AND THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY AS WELL, WHOSE BRIEF WAS TO DEAL WITH ANY BEING OR INCIDENT THAT FELT OUTSIDE WHAT WAS GENERALLY CONSIDERED "NORMAL."

ALREADY ON- SCENE WAS WHO'S COMMANDER, BRIGADIER ALISTAIR STUART...

...ITS CHIEF SCIENTIFIC ADVISER, HIS TWIN SISTER ALYSANDE...

...AND THEIR POLICE LIAISON, C.I.D.\* COMMANDER DAI THOMAS--

...NONE TOO HAPPY AT BEING SUMMARILY ROUSED FROM BED...



...EVEN BY THIS!

CAN'T BE HELPED, OLD TOP. TILL WE HAVE A CLEARER PICTURE.

ROLLED IN LAST NIGHT, PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE

WASN'T TILL THE MORNING SHIFT CAME ON, THE OLD-TIMER THWIGGED THAT BRITRAIL DOESN'T USE STEAM LOCOMOTIVES ANYMORE.

ESPECIALLY POWERED BY-ahem-**DRAGON**.

SEALING OFF THE STATION AND THE SURROUNDING STREETS IS GOING TO PLAY MERRY BLAZES WITH RUSH HOUR.

IN THAT REGARD, BRIGADIER...

...MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE?



BLOODY MAHVELOUS-- AS IF THE DAY WASN'T ENOUGH OF A MESS ALREADY!

ACTUALLY, COMMANDER, IT WAS MY INTENTION TO SUMMON CRUSADER-X.

WHY BOTHER PLAYING POLICE THEN?

TURN OUR JOBS OVER TO THE FLIPPIN' COFFINHEADS! AN' HAVE DONE WITH IT!



PAY HIM NO MIND, CRUSADER.

DAI'S ALWAYS GRUMPY WHEN HE'S NOT HAD HIS BREKKERS.

SIMPLY SPEAKING MY MIND, STUART. PLAIN AS I KNOW HOW.



I'M NOT THE ENEMY, COMMANDER.

NO-- IN TOO MANY WAYS, YOU'RE WORSE!

GIVE IT A REST, DAI.

ALL THIS TIME, HE STILL CAN'T FORGET...  
...OR FORGIVE...



THAT HIS WIFE WAS KILLED IN A SUPER HERO BATTLE, I KNOW.

BUT HATING US WON'T BRING HER BACK, OR KEEP SUCH TRAGEDIES FROM HAPPENING AGAIN.

A MOST THOROUGH SEARCH, COMMANDER.

HAN! BLOODY-HAH!

MY PEOPLE DIDN'T DO THIS, IT WAS HOW WE FOUND IT.

NOBODY ABOARD, BUT CLEAR EVIDENCE OF PASSENGERS.

EQUALLY CLEAR EVIDENCE OF AN EXTREMELY ROUGH RIDE.

ANY SIGN OF INJURIES?

NOT SO FAR.



THIS  
CAVE'S  
MAINLY  
SLEEPING  
BERTHS,  
SIR.

BIGGER THAN  
BRITRAIL STANDARD.

FLIPPIN' IMPOSSIBLE  
TO BE SMALLER, LUV.

THESE ARE  
MORE LIKE  
PROPER  
ROOMS.

REALLY WILD COLLECTION  
OF OUTFITS IN HERE.

SIZE IS RIGHT  
FOR A YOUNG  
GIRL, PROBABLY  
A TEEN-AGER.  
BUT THE  
STYLES--!

LEATHER BODY-SUIT.  
"CARMEN MIRANDA"  
COSTUME, FUNNY ANIMAL  
SUIT, A LOVELY FROCK  
THAT SOME BRUTE  
SLASHED DOWN TO KNEE-  
LENGTH, PLUS SOME  
DESIGNS I CAN'T  
FIGURE OUT AND  
WOULDN'T DARE  
TRY ON.

SOME POSTERS RELATING  
TO A PLACE I NEVER HEARD  
OF IN THE AMERICAS  
CALLED "CHICAGO."

TRUTH, SIRS,  
ROOM REMINDS  
ME OF MINE AT  
THAT AGE.

HARDLY  
THE SORT  
OF THREAT,  
COMMANDER...

... THAT WARRANTS THIS  
FULL-SCALE RESPONSE.



FAT  
LOT  
YOU  
KNOW,  
MATE!

RECOGNIZE  
THIS?

NIGHTCRAWLER,  
CRUSADER--ONE  
OF IMPERIAL PRUSSIA'S  
TOP AGENTS!

YOU SUGGESTING THAT HIS PRESENCE  
ON THE EVE OF THE QUEEN'S  
CONVENING A SUMMIT OF THE  
GREAT POWERS...

... IS A  
COINCIDENCE?

TO BE  
DEALT WITH  
AS BUSINESS  
AS BLEEDING  
USUAL?

I STAND  
CORRECTED.

UNDER THESE  
CIRCUMSTANCES,  
YOU'RE QUITE  
CORRECT.

IF YOU'VE  
IDENTIFIED  
WHICH  
COMPARTMENT  
IS HIS ...

WE CAN'T AFFORD  
TO TAKE THE  
SLIGHTEST  
CHANCES.



"MAY I  
SEE IT,  
PLEASE?"

WHAT NOW?  
FLIPPING  
MAGIC?

AN  
ASPECT OF  
CRUSADER'S  
POWER  
COMMANDER.

HE CAN SENSE  
THE RESIDUAL  
AURA LEFT BY  
A PERSON ON HIS OR  
HER POSSESSIONS,  
AND THEN, BECAUSE  
EACH AURA IS UNIQUE...

... TRACK  
IT TO ITS  
SOURCE.

LIKE A  
BLOODHOUND  
FOLLOWING  
A SCENT.

EXCEPT  
THAT DOGS  
CAN BE THROWN  
OFF THE TRAIL,  
COMMANDER.  
I CANNOT.





SORRY ABOUT THAT. I HOPE NOTHING'S RUINED.

MAKES ME SO CRAZY SOMETIMES, THIS BEING INTANGIBLE AS MY NATURAL STATE.

FIND MYSELF ASKING WHY I BOTHER MAKING THE EFFORT TO FOCUS MYSELF SOLID.

BUT BRIAN TOLD ME YOU NEARLY DIED...

FROM THE WOUNDS THAT CREATED THIS CONDITION.

AND THE FACT IS, YOU'RE RECOVERING. SOMEDAY, YOU'LL BE NORMAL AGAIN.

ISN'T THAT GOAL WORTH THIS... INCONVENIENCE?

"INCONVENIENCE." D'YOU KNOW, COURTNEY, TO BRING ABOUT MY RECOVERY, THE 3-MEN WERE WILLING TO SELL THEIR SOULS...

...TO ONE OF THE MOST EVIL MEN ON EARTH?

AND THEN, AFTERWARDS, WHEN EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT...

...THEY DIED.

AFTER ALL WE'D BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER-- ALL I OWED THEM--



-- I COULDN'T BE WITH THEM WHEN IT MATTERED MOST.



EXCALIBUR REPRESENTED A NEW BEGINNING. A SECOND CHANCE.

ONLY NOW THEY'RE GONE, TOO. EXCEPT THIS TIME IT'S WORSE, BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM. MAYBE I SAVED THEM, MAYBE NOT.

IN MY IMAGINATION, I SEE THEM WANDERING THE DIMENSIONAL TIME-STREAMS FOREVER, NEVER KNOWING IF I'LL EVER SEE THEM AGAIN.

OVER AND OVER, I REACH OUT TO PEOPLE I LOVE ONLY I CAN'T HOLD ON.

LIKE I REALLY AM A GHOST.



YOU STILL HAVE FAMILY...

MY FOLKS ARE IN THE FEDERAL WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM. I'M NOT ALLOWED TO SEE 'EM, ONLY LETTERS NOW AND THEN. IF I GO BACK TO THEM, I JOIN THE PROGRAM, TOO.

AND I LOVE BEING SHADOWCAT-- THE LIFE OF A SUPER-HERO--

--TOO MUCH TO GIVE IT UP.

EVERYONE IS GONE BUT ME-- NO MORE TEAMMATES. NO MORE FRIENDS-- I'M ALL THAT'S LEFT!

IT'S AS THOUGH I'VE GOT SOME TERRIBLE CURSE!

NO CURSE, POPPET, YOU KNOW THAT.

THERE THERE, IT'S ALL RIGHT. NO NEED TO BE AFRAID EITHER. IT'S ALL RIGHT BECAUSE SO LONG AS I'M WITH YOU...

...YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE.





AN HOUR'S FAST DRIVE  
OUTSIDE LONDON...

XAVIER'S  
A SCHOOL FOR  
GIFTED  
YOUNGSTERS

...STANDS A  
VENERABLE  
COUNTRY  
ESTATE...

...TO WHICH HAS COME,  
THIS LOVELY AUTUMN  
MORNING...

...JEAN  
GREY.

A MILE-DEEP FOREST RINGS THE MANSION  
PROPER, WITH ANOTHER HALF-MILE OF OPEN  
GROUND THE IDEAL KILLING FIELD-- SLOPING  
GENTLY UPHILL FROM THE TREE LINE TO  
THE HOUSE.

FOR AS LONG AS MEN  
HAVE LIVED IN THESE PARTS,  
A FORTRESS HAS STOOD ON  
THIS KNOLL WITH ITS  
DOMINANT VIEW OF THE  
SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE.

FOR ALL ITS INNOCENT  
FACADE, XAVIER'S SCHOOL  
IS NO DIFFERENT, EXCEPT IT  
GUARDS THE ENTIRE REALM.

A FITTING TASK-- AND  
GUISE-- FOR THE HEAD-  
QUARTERS OF THE  
BRITISH SECRET SERVICE.

JEAN, LIKE ME, IS  
ONE OF ITS ELITE  
OPERATIVES--  
THE X-MEN.

SKREEEE

STRANGE-- IF THERE'S  
ANYPLACE ON EARTH WE  
SHOULD FEEL SAFE AND  
SECURE, IT'S HERE.

LIVE AND  
LEARN.

WHAT THE  
DEVIL--?

THIS CAN'T BE EITHER I'M  
HAPPENING! EITHER I'M  
FEELING THINGS...

FOR  
I'VE  
GONE  
MAD!



IS IT SO HARD  
A THING, MY  
LADY...

...TO  
ACCEPT  
THE EVIDENCE  
OF YOUR OWN  
EYES?

DIFFERENT  
HOUSE...

...TORCHES  
WHERE THERE  
SHOULD BE  
ELECTRIC  
LIGHTS...

...A COACH-AND-  
FOUR INSTEAD OF  
HER SPORTS CAR.

SHE CAN SMELL  
THE HORSES'  
SWEAT, FEEL  
THEIR HEAT  
AFTER THE HARD  
GALLOP HERE,  
SENSE IN HER  
OWN MIND THE  
BASIC THOUGHTS  
OF THEIRS.



AND LASTLY, THIS MAN--

--JASON  
WYNDGARDE--

--WHO'S  
COME TO  
HAUNT HER  
DREAMS...

YOU  
CAME...

...TURNING THEM  
INSIDE-OUT...



...SO SHE CAN NO LONGER  
TELL WHICH IS FANTASY...

...AND WHICH,  
WAKING  
REALITY.

...AS I  
KNEW  
YOU WOULD.

TO ASSUME YOUR  
RIGHTFUL STATION...



...AS THE  
HELLFIRE  
CLUB'S...

...**SHADOW  
QUEEN!**



NO!



MY-- WWWW  
--HEAD! BIRD  
OF  
FIRE--



--LIKE  
NOTHING I'VE  
EVER SEEN--

--BUT IT  
SEEMED  
SO...  
FAMILIAR.

A  
PART OF  
ME.

JUST LIKE THAT  
SHADOW QUEEN.

DEAR LORD  
--WHAT IS  
HAPPENING  
TO ME?!



NO.  
OH, NO!  
NOT THIS TIME.  
NOT AGAIN.



RACHEL--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!

THE PHOENIX-EFFECT IS FADING...

...AS SUDDENLY AS IT APPEARED.

ALL THESE PYROTECHNICS JUST TO WHISTLE UP A NEW WARDROBE?

BE SERIOUS, CAPTAIN!



REST EASY, GIRL. LET PROFESSOR STUART...

I'M FINE, CAP. I DON'T NEED ANY LOOKING AFTER.

MY POWER AS PHOENIX TAKES CARE OF ME.

THEN I SUGGEST YOU TAKE A GOOD, LONG LOOK AT YOURSELF.

BECAUSE IT'S NOT DOING ITS PROPER JOB!



YOU CRIED OUT.

IT WAS JEAN GREY.

THIS DIMENSION'S ANALOGUE OF MY MOM!

THE GENETIC LINK BETWEEN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER MUST HOLD TRUE REGARDLESS OF WHERE YOU COME FROM ALONG THE CROSS-TIME STRING.

I TELEPATHICALLY HEARD HER CRY OUT.

SHE WAS IN DEADLY DANGER.

FROM WHOM?

WHO ELSE, NIGHT-CRAWLER, WHERE JEAN GREY'S CONCERNED?



MASTERMIND.

"AND THE HELLFIRE CLUB."

OF THE MANY CLUBS IN LONDON...

...SOME ARE OLDER, BUT NONE MORE EXCLUSIVE...

...OR NOTORIOUS THAN THIS GEORGIAN TOWN HOUSE OFF GROSVENOR CRESCENT, IN THE HEART OF MAYFAIR.

THE PUBLIC ROOMS EPITOMIZE THE HEIGHT OF RESPECTABLE UPPER-CLASS PROPRIETY.

THE PRIVATE ONES UPSTAIRS ARE SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.

ONE RULE EXISTS WITHIN THESE WALLS.

THAT OF POWER.

THE WORLD IS DIVIDED INTO THOSE WHO HAVE IT, THOSE WHO COVET IT, AND THE VAST, DESPERATE MULTITUDE EXPLOITED BY THEM BOTH.

THE LORDS CARDINAL COMMAND HERE-- TWO KINGS, TWO QUEENS, OF BLACK AND WHITE--

--BUT ITS WHISPERED (BY THOSE WHO CONSIDER THEMSELVES ALREADY DOOMED AND CONDEMNED, FOR NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE SUCH FOOL'S COURAGE) THAT THEY ARE BUT PUPPETS...

...DANCING ON THE STRINGS OF A CREATURE KNOWN ONLY AS THE SHADOW KING.

IF EVER A MAN EXISTED WHO DEFINED THE TERM, "EVIL," IT IS HE.

TSK TSK TSK...

MY PRETTY PET IS NO MORE.

FOUR MG. FROST, THE WHITE QUEEN'S AS COLD AND PALE NOW AS HER NAME.

HARDLY THE SCENARIO MASTERMIND, YOU GUARAN-TEED.

DEAR EMMA'S  
TELEPATHY  
GAVE YOU UN-  
RESTRICTED  
ACCESS TO  
JEAN GREY'S  
MIND.

YES, LORD!  
AND THE PLAN  
WAS WORKING  
PERFECTLY.

## SO WHAT WENT WRONG?

**SHE WAS  
TEMPTED!  
HER FINAL  
CORRUPTION  
WAS WITHIN  
MY GRASP!**

SOMETHING  
INTRUDED. THERE  
WAS A PSYCHIC  
BACKLASH--THERE  
WAS NO  
WARNING--

ONE MINUTE.  
ULTIMATE AGONY.  
IN SILENCE.

BEGIN.

— I DID  
MY BEST, IT  
WASN'T MY  
FAULT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
TO HIM?

**NOTHING.**

3. DEAR JASON CREATES HIS OWN ILLUSIONS, THAT'S WHY THE EFFECTS ARE SO POWERFUL.

EVEN I  
COULD NEVER  
HOPE TO INFLICT  
SUCH DELICIOUS  
TORMENT AS HE  
CAN DREDGE UP  
FROM HIS OWN  
SUBCONSCIOUS.

OF COURSE,  
I MONITOR THE  
EVENT...

...OUT OF  
CURIOSITY.

AND  
PLEASURE.

ONE DOES  
WHAT ONE MUST,  
ANTHONY

...TO AMUSE  
ONESELF.

WHEN HE HAS  
RECOVERED  
FROM HIS  
STIGMENT...

...WE SHALL  
BEGIN AGAIN.

THIS TIME,  
WITH NO  
MISTAKES.

CONSIDERING  
WHAT

...THERE'D  
BETTER  
NOT BE.

**YOU PRESUME  
TO THREATEN  
IRON MAN?**

I MIGHT  
FIND SUCH LACK  
OF FAITH...  
DISTURBING.

A NEEDLESS  
WORRY, MY  
FRIEND.

I SHALL  
DEAL WITH  
THE GIRL  
MYSELF.

AND  
SUPPOSE  
SHE TURNS TO  
PROFESSOR  
XAVIER  
FOR  
HELP?

AND  
YOU, JUST  
HOW LIMITED  
YOUR PSYCHIC  
POWERS ARE...

...AGAINST THE  
TECHNOLOGY OF  
MY ARMOR.

ARE YOU  
READY  
TO GO UP  
AGAINST  
HIM?





EXCALIBUR'S  
EARTH—

—LONDON'S HYDE PARK,  
ALONG ROTTEN ROW,  
WHERE IT RUNS PARAL-  
LEL TO THE SERPENTINE.



EVENIN',  
VIXEN.

NIGEL  
FROBISHER.

DELIGHTED  
YOU ACCEPTED MY  
INVITATION.

I ALWAYS  
MAKE A POINT  
OF HEARING...

"OFFERS I  
CAN'T REFUSE."

AND THEN DEALING WITH  
THEM ACCORDINGLY.



MISTRESS, AGAIN  
I MUST ADVISE  
CAUTION!

Pish-pish,  
VIVIAN, STOP  
BEING SUCH  
AN OLD WOMAN.

WE'RE MEET-  
ING ON THE  
OPPOSITION'S  
GROUND, VIXEN.



WHICH VINCENT  
--ASSUMING  
YOU'VE DONE  
YOUR JOB--

--SHOULD BE  
THICK WITH MY  
TROOPERS.

I COULDN'T  
BE MORE SECURE,  
I WAGER...

...IF I WAS  
HOME SNUG  
A' BED!



THAT'S HOW YOU GET TO BE TOP  
DOG OF THE LONDON UNDER-  
WORLD, AND STAY THERE!

INTER-  
ESTING  
PHRASE  
TURN OF  
PHRASE  
? HUMPH.

WHAT IS  
THIS?



DON'T MIND MY  
COLLEAGUE, HE'S  
A TRIFLE  
ECCENTRIC.

HE'S A  
FLAMING  
NUTTER!

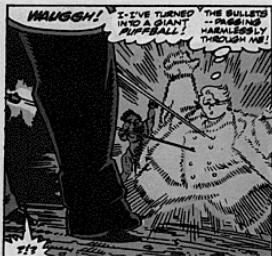
WHAT THIS  
IS ACTUALLY,  
VIXEN, IS A  
CHANGING OF  
THE GUARD.



FIGURE TO  
TAKE MY  
PLACE, DO  
YOU?

NOT THE  
FIRST TO TRY,  
MATE.

VIVIAN--  
VINCENT--  
GUN 'EM!







I WISH YOU'D STOP SOUNDING SO BLASTED PLEASED WITH YOURSELF!

WHYEVER NOT?

YOU'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, HAN?



VIXEN'S CRIMINAL EMPIRE IS ALL YOURS.

ONLY BECAUSE YOU TRANSFORMED ME INTO HER!

NECESSITY, THE MOTHER OF WHEELS & INSPIRED INVENTION.

HOW CAN WOMEN WEAR THESE SHOES? THE HEELS ARE MURDER!



I CAN FIX YOUR FEET SO YOU LOVE 'EM, SHALL I?

NO!

YOU'VE DONE QUITE SUFFICIENT, THANKS.



NIGEL, NIGEL, WHAT'S THE POINT OF STOOGING ABOUT THE GREAT-PLAYGROUND-OF-LIFE...

... IF NOT TO PLAY WITH THE TOYS YOU FIND THERE?

PEOPLE AREN'T TOYS.



THIS IS MY DREAM, I'LL MAKE 'EM WHATEVER I PLEASE.

JAMIE, THIS RAFT-ON, NEVER MIND!

LOOK, WHENEVER YOU NEED TO BE NIGEL YOU ARE AND WHEN YOU NEED TO BE VIXEN -- PRESTO!

WHAT COULD BE SIMPLER?

LOTS OF THINGS.

I DON'T KNOW IF I LIKE IT.



TRUST ME, OLD CHUM...

... THERE ARE HORSE FATES.



CRUSADER'S  
DIMENSION...

NO, WOLFEBANE,  
I CAN'T PLAY  
WITH YOU RIGHT  
NOW.



MUCH AS  
WE MIGHT WISH  
OTHERWISE...

...SOME OF  
US HAVE WORK  
TO DO.



WHIMP!



WHY,  
CANNONBALL--

--I DO HOPE  
YOU AREN'T  
HURT.

UH, NO, MA'AM.

AH'M WAS  
PRETTY NIGH  
INVULNERABLE  
WHEN AN  
BLAST.

GOOD THING, TOO,  
CONSIDERING HOW  
YOU LANDED.



OH,  
Y' GREAT  
SILLY--

--ARE Y'ART,  
TRYIN' T'  
AMBUSH A  
TELEPATH?

AN' ONE  
O'THE TOP  
X-MEN, T'  
BOOT.

FIGURED IT  
WAS WORTH A  
SHOT, RAHNE.



I TRUST Y'  
LEARNED  
YUIR  
LESSON.

THAT'S  
THE SPIRIT,  
LAD.

'COURSE, YE'RE  
OBLIGED TO RE-  
PAIR THE MESS  
YE MADE.

YEAH,  
NEXT TIME  
AH'LL BE  
SNEAKIER.



JEAN'S ESPECIALLY HAPPY TODAY,  
BANSHEE. I BET SHE HAS A  
SWEETIE!

MUST BE  
A PRINCE OF  
A FELLA...

...T' MAKE  
HER CHANGE  
HER LOOK SO  
DRAMATIC-  
ALLY.

INSIDE  
NOW, Y' SCUTS,  
OR YE'LL BE  
LATE FR  
CLASS!

THE IRONY IS, XAVIER'S REALLY IS A SCHOOL, TAKING MUTANTS FROM THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE AND TEACHING THEM TO PROPERLY UTILIZE THEIR PARA-HUMAN ABILITIES.

THOSE WHO PASS THE STIFFEST OF EVALUATIONS...



...GO FOR ADVANCED TRAINING WITH THE PROFESSOR'S CHIEF DEPUTY, DR. MOIRA MACTAGGERT.

AND EVENTUALLY, THE BEST OF THEM END UP AMONG THE SERVICE'S ELITE AGENTS --

-- THE X-MEN.

JEAN WAS THE FIRST.



LATELY, SHE'S BEEN TROUBLED, WON'T SAY WHY. EVERYONE ASSUMED IT WAS TO DO WITH HER AND CYCLOPS.

NO ONE WANTED TO FRY.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE.

PROFESSOR, I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, I--

**NO!**

YES, MY SHADOW QUEEN --

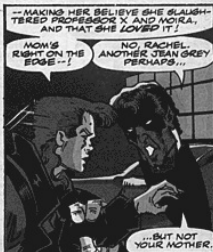
--YES!

THUS DO YOU GIVE FULL REIN TO THE DARKNESS WITHIN YOUR SOUL...

...AND DEAL WITH ALL WHO WOULD THREATEN...

...YOUR TRUE LORD AND MASTER!

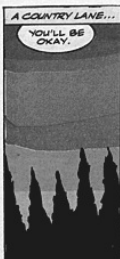












A COUNTRY LANE...

YOU'LL BE OKAY.



HANG IN THERE, MOM. I'M HERE NOW.

I'LL ADD MY POWER TO YOURS.

AND MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER.



TOO LATE.

DON'T SAY THAT!

NOTHING LEFT TO SAVE.

WHATEVER HE DO... EATING AWAY AT ME...

...TOO MUCH LOST ALREADY... CAN'T FIGHT BACK, LOT OF ME DON'T WANT TO...

MOMENT YOU TAKE IT AWAY, I'M HIS.

...YOU CAN ONLY PROTECT ME SO LONG AS YOUR POWERS LINKED TO MINE.

IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, HE'LL GET YOU TOO!



BETTER... QUICK, CLEAN DEATH...

...THAN THE ILLUSION OF INDEPENDENCE...

...KNOWING I'LL BE LINGER TO HURT...

...THOSE I LOVE.



NO! IT'S NOT FAIR, WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO LOSE YOU?!

MOM, PLEASE—MOM!



NOT YOUR MOM.

WISH I WAS.



BUT GIVE ME A CHANCE, SWEET-HEART!

JUST THE SMALLEST TASTE OF WHAT YOU CAN DO.

AND MAYBE WE'LL BOTH GET OUR WISHES!

NOT A CHANCE.

YOU'RE NOTHING OF JEAN GREY, YOU ONLY LOOK THE PART.

I KNOW THIS IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

DON'T MAKE IT HURT ANY THE LESS.



G'BYE...

...MOM.





BUT NO WAY DOES  
IT END HERE!



FOR WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE TO HER, LORDS  
OF HELLFIRE, I  
SWEAR THERE'LL  
BE A RECKONING!

EYE FOR  
AN EYE!

LIFE  
FOR A  
LIFE!

NEXT:

**SHADOWS  
TRIUMPHANT?**

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Moka1

Jean's Grave

First

Kiss

Possible  
Dancing

You may thank me for bringing the sexy back